WORK FOR THE SUNSHINE.

There's work for the sunshine—the rose from the dead
Must be kissed to the beauty of white and red;
The trees, shorn of fruitage—gray spectres of grief—
Must feel the sap's thrill in the veins o' the leaf.
The daisies must blossom—the lilies must lean
O'er rivers sweet-singing through meadows of green.
There's work for the sunshine on hillside and deep
Till in ultimate harvests earth's riches we reap!

—Washington Star.

A BASKET OF MUSHROOMS

By FANNIE WHITE.

"THERE!" exclaimed George of a sudden as he caught sight of an industrious figure in his mushroom preserve, not a hundred yards from his farmyard. He took up an old whipstock that was lying handy, flourished it grimly and strode circuitously upon the impudent thief.

It was a big field, and George was considering how best to trap his enemy when something brought him to a standstill.

Proximity proved the enemy a woman—a young woman—attired after the fashion of town. The irate farmer shifted his pipe and pulled doubtfully at his beard. George was a bachelor and wonderfully shy of women. He was half minded to beat a cautious retreat.

"Pooh! a chit of a lass. Now, George," and throwing his weapon aside, he urged himself forward.

He climbed the fence and walked briskly up to the trespasser unperceived.

"Hello!"

The woman raised her head, and, with a startled cry, recoiled. She had a small, pale face, that was powerfully suggestive of angels to rustic George.

"I beg——" George hastily recovered the dignity of his position. His heart beat quick, and he felt a bit of an uncouth fool; but surely it was not for him to ask pardon.

"You are trespassing, miss," he informed her, brusquely.

"Oh!"

The woman breathed a sigh of relief, and—smiled.

George was feeling bewildered.

"You are only the farmer?" thankfully.

"Only the farmer," he replied, stupidly.

"I thought—I was so frightened," and the woman smiled a winsome apology. "You are so big, and strong!"—she looked him over with sincere, almost childish admiration—at his brown, muscular arms, his mighty chest, and resting her glance at last on his bearded face. "But you have kind eyes," she added.

George blushed like any schoolboy. Then all the stories he had ever heard of woman's blandishments burst warningly over him, and he grew half indignant. "The minx!" he muttured, under his breath.

And, determined not to be outwitted, he stretched an arm toward the woman's basket, which was full of mushrooms.

"I must take charge of this, miss!"—sternly.

"No, you wouldn't take them from me?" she pleaded, irresistibly. "I've been hunting them since 6 o'clock. I only reached the treasure house after tramping weary miles. Now I'm lost"—ruefully—"and look at my poor feet—wet through!"

She held her skirts aside.

"What a brute I am!" muttered the man.

"I will pay you for them!" eagerly.

"No, no," he blurted. "It was—it was a bit o' my fun, miss," he said, lamely. "There's plenty for both on us, only"—deliberately—"I don't like poachers, miss, that's it. I don't mind you—you won't hurt, miss; but I'm pretty smart on poachers, as I call 'em."

This was a vast piece of oratory for George.

"And I have never looked at it in that light!" the woman frankly confessed. "Of course it's stealing! I'm a thief—oh!" and she put down her basket and held forth her slim arms, with the wrists together, in a manner which George could not mistake.

He laughed and manacled the pretty thief with his thumb and first finger.

"Now, what have you to say for yourself?" judicially.

"Oh, I won't do it again, sir!"

Her eyelashes fell roguishly.

George discreetly let go and picked up the basket. She was a little witch.

"Are you staying in Fensbro' (the village, miss?"

"Yes; but I'm lost!" hopelessly.

"Your best plan would be to cut through my farmyard."

George led the way at a good pace.

"How far is it to Fensbro'?" she inquired.

"Two miles, miss."

"And what time is it, please?"

"Half-past 8."

"Half-past 8!"—surprised. "I may well feel hungry."

"You might have a bit of' breakfast with me—that is, if you don't mind," dubiously.

They stood by the farmhouse door.

"You might dry your feet as well," he pursued, slowly, "and then I could put you on the lane myself. Polly's out for the day—that's the worst of it. But come in, miss."

And George crossed the threshold.

It was quite a charming little adventure to Rose Carol, and, desirous of seeing it through, she followed the big farmer without demur.

He drew a snug chair to his hearth, and threw a bashful glance at her feet; then he brought forth a pair of capacious slippers.

"You might get four feet into them, at a pinch!" he said, humorously! and plunged into the business of breakfast.

With a restrained ripple of girlish laughter, Rose changed her sodden boots and placed them to dry. This done, she sat and watched the man filling the breakfast table.

She was quick to guess his single blessedness (?)—Polly must be his servant. It was very amusing to see this big man "doing for himself"—and a guest. But when he started to slice a new loaf of bread she could contain herself no longer. It was awkward, moving in those ridiculous slippers, but she got to the table without mishap.

"Allow me to help you," she said, with a smile.

He surrendered the knife with alacrity.

"I'm no hand at that sort o' thing!" in disgust.

George had never felt the want of a wife until that moment, until he saw Rose preside at his table; then his heart was filled with passionate longing.

They sat down to breakfast for all the world like man and wife. Suddenly the woman burst out irrepressibly.

George, with a full mouth, looked up guiltily.

"It is so exquisitely funny!" laughing tears in her eyes.

"What is?" self-consciously.

"All of it. Poaching! Capture! Prosecution—almost! Oh, dear! oh, dear! I say, Mr.—— look you, I am ignorant even of your name!"

"Meadowson—George Meadowson."

"Mr. ——" gravely.

"George!—everybody calls me George, young and old."

"George,"—shyly—"do you consider this at all proper—quite the thing, you know—being here, alone? Don't you think I ought to go?"

"No."

There was something embarrassing in the farmer's decisive negative. Her lashes drooped, and she fidgeted nervously with her teaspoon.

"You might tell me your name, miss," said George, after a space, with a boldness that surprised himself.

She murmured it very softly.

"And Rose was my mother's name!" he cried.

There seemed destiny in this romantic meeting. He stood up in a sort of triumph; his heart was drumming, and his blue eyes beamed.

"Rose!" he said, impetuously. Then he sat down, looking ridiculous, and lashing his presumptuous heart with scorn. What a mad fool he was!

* * * * * * *

They stood in the lane. Rose put out her hand, and it was buried in a big, warm grasp.

"What sort of a bear do you take me for, Miss Carol?"

"Well, rather a nice sort of bear!"

"Do you know,"—abruptly—"I've come to think, all at once, that I ought to get married!"

The imprisoned hand made an effort towards freedom.

"You want a woman in the house," Rose granted.

"Polly's neither one thing nor the other!" hopelessly.

"How old are you?" curiously.

"Old enough to be your father, I reckon—thirty."

"You're not too old to marry!" provokingly. "Nil desperandum! You may get married some day, there's no telling. "I'm" — carelessly—"six-and-twenty."

"Not much difference," meditatively.

"I must go!"—hastily. "But you've not told me how wicked you think me?"

"Rose," tenderly, "I'm just thinking you're about wicked enough to make me a good wife!"

"Oh!" and the little woman drew close.

"You're so big!" she murmured.

"But I've kind eyes!"

"Let me look," and she held up her sweet, blushing face.

No wonder he kissed her.

She broke loose, with a sudden cry:

"My mushrooms!"

The basket which had brought them together had been left behind.—New York News.

A Disappointing Occasion.

"How was the lecture?" demanded Mrs. Sawin, with the impatience of one who had been denied a coveted pleasure, as Mr. Sawin stooped to remove his overshoes before entering the sitting room. "My cold's a sight better. I believe I might have gone as well as not."

"I guess you did well to remain at home," said her husband, as he seated himself before the stove, "as far forth as the lecture was concerned. The entertainment opened with a selection by the band, then prayer by the Congregational minister, then the band again, then a song by the Methodist minister accompanied by his wife at the cabinet organ, and then the lecture; after that the band once more, and then the benediction by the Episcopal minister."

"Well, what about the lecture?" asked Mrs. Sawin. "I can hear ministers any day."

"The lecture was on Scotland," said Mr. Sawin, slowly. "I never felt much drawed to Scotland, and I guess after to-night I shall give up all thoughts of ever going there. Folks that haven't got any more idea of the English language after all these years need a missionary, but I don't feel any call to be one. And as for their houses, there wasn't one single good two-story frame building in all the stereoptics that man throwed on the sheet. If it hadn't been for the band, I should have felt I'd wasted my fifteen cents' admission."—Youth's Companion.

Besides rice, teakwood forms the principal product of Siam.

Remarkable Feats of Mathematical Geniuses.

INDIANAPOLIS has a mathematical genius in the person of George Hunter, a boy only eight years old, and who accomplishes the most astonishing feats with figures. He calculates instantly, without the aid of paper and pencil, the answers to problems which would puzzle even a professor of mathematics using the ordinary methods.

Young Hunter's parents are well to do, and his remarkable faculty will be developed if possible. It may be that when he reaches manhood's estate he will lose this gift, as has been the case with so many cases on records. On the other hand, he may enjoy a successful career, as has been the case with a few of such prodigies. A writer recalls the career of George Parker Bidder, who was one of the most remarkable mathematical geniuses, and who followed up his precocious youth with a successful manhood.

Bidder was born in 1806 at Morton Hampstead, in Devonshire, England, where his father carried on a small business as a stonemason. When only four years old Bidder showed a most extraordinary ability for calculation. His peculiar talents soon attracted general attention, and his father found it more profitable to travel about the country and exhibit his son as the "calculating phenomenon" than by following his humble trade. The boy was taken to London and his peculiar talents were investigated by the most learned men of his time, whom he astonished by the rapidity with which he answered the most difficult questions.

The following question was solved by him in forty seconds: "Suppose the ball at the top of St. Paul's Cathedral to be six feet in diameter, what did the gilding cost at 3½d per square inch?" The answer, £237 10s 1d, was given before the examiner had time to put the figures of the example on paper. The following question was answered in sixty seconds: Suppose a city to be illuminated with 9999 lamps, each lamp to consume one pint of oil every four hours in succession, how many gallons would they consume in forty years?" The answer contains nine figures—169,489,050 gallons. Another curious question was: "Suppose the earth to consist of 971,000,000 inhabitants, and suppose they die in thirty years four months, how many have returned to dust since the time of Adam, computing it to be 2850 years?" This problem offered no difficulties to the lad, who nonchalantly rattled off the answer in less than thirty seconds. Fortunately for the boy, he attracted the attention of some eminent scholars, who had him educated at Camberwell, and afterward at Edinburgh, where he carried off all the prizes for the study of higher mathematics. After his graduation from college he pursued the profession of engineer and became associated with Robert Stephenson, and assisted in constructing the Birmingham Railway. Later in life he entered Parliament, and many stories are told of Bidder's wonderful skill in detecting a flaw in some set of elaborate calculations. He died at Dartmouth in 1878.

Another extraordinary child was Zerah Colburn, who was born at Cabot, Vt., in 1804. His remarkable genius for abstruse mathematical problems was displayed at an early age, and when he was eight years old he solved the most difficult problems by the mere operation of his mind. Asked by an eminent mathematician to give the square of 999,999, he replied almost instantly, giving the figures, 999,998,000,001, without any hesitation. He observed that he produced the result by multiplying the square of 37,037 by the square of 27. He was then asked to multiply answer twice by 49, and once by 25, a task which he accomplished in less than two minutes, although the answer consisted of seventeen figures. In five seconds he gave the cube root of 413,933,348,677, and to all questions of similar nature he succeeded in giving the correct answers. Professors and scientific men endeavored to obtain a knowledge of Colburn's methods, but the boy declared he was unable to explain how the answers came into his mind. He was ignorant of the commonest rules of arithmetic, and could not even solve a problem on paper, not even a simple feat in multiplication or division. Colburn's faculty of computation left him when he reached manhood, and he died at the early age of thirty-six.

A singular instance of this curious development of the calculating faculty and differing in several respects from Bidder and Colburn, is the case of Jebediah Buxton, who, though he cannot be called an infant prodigy, is one of the most remarkable of the mental calculators when names are a part of the history of the curious. Buxton was born in 1707 in Elmeton, in Derbyshire, where his father was schoolmaster. Notwithstanding his father's profession, Jebediah's education was neglected. He was not even taught to write. It was not until he had arrived at manhood's estate that he showed any aptitude for mental arithmetic. Once interested in the subject, however, his mind developed with amazing rapidity. He had a remarkable memory, and while in the midst of a problem he could desist and resume the operation again where he had left off, even if it were a year after. A remarkable thing about the man was that he would allow two persons to propose different problems at the same time, and he would answer each without the least confusion. He could also talk freely while working out his problems. Buxton died in 1772.

Many other examples of these "freaks of nature" are known, and among them may be mentioned a negro of Maryland, who, with no education whatever, possessed a wonderful gift for solving difficult mathematical problems. With the exception of Bidder, few of these geniuses have amounted to anything, and as time went on they either lost their marvelous power or died before they could make it serve some useful purpose. Young Hunter, of Indianapolis, may be an exception, but the chances are that in ten or fifteen years his mysterious gift will leave him.—World's Events.

WISE WORDS.

In our inner life there is a universe.—Goethe.

A veneer of religiosity has none of the virtues of religion.

It take less than two half truths to make a full sized lie.

Men are not drawn to the church by using the creed as a club.

It's a poor bargain that lets the prayer meeting hide the poor.

If we live in the Spirit we shall be led by Him every day and every moment.—Andrew Murray.

He who is true to the best he knows to-day will know a better best to-morrow.—Charles Gordon Ames.

But let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing.—James 1:4.

Joy does not happen. It is the inevitable result of certain lines followed and laws obeyed, and so a matter of character.—Maltbie D. Babcock.

There is no happiness in having and getting, but only in giving; half the world is on the wrong scent in the pursuit of happiness.—Henry Drummond.

Suffering becomes beautiful when any one bears great calamities with cheerfulness, not through insensibility, but through greatness of mind.—Aristotle.

No man ever lost anything in this world by attending properly to the next. Indeed, it is only by that means that we can understand or use this world aright.—James Hinton.

One person I have to make good: myself. But my duty to my neighbor is much more clearly expressed by saying that I have to make him happy—if I may.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Life is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindnesses and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart and secure comfort.

Ireland's Great Orator.

To read Mr. Healy's speech of the same day is to get but the ghost of a notion of Mr. Healy's really wonderful gifts of oratory. He is to-day the most brilliant speaker in the House of Commons. He has not Mr. Redmond's grace and polish; he has nothing, indeed, in the nature of either. But his attack is cruelly effective; he never spares either his nominal opponents opposite or his real ones sitting around him. He is the only sardonic speaker in the House. There is a grimness, a constant ring of challenge that is repellent or attractive as you are the object of his uncharitable attention or merely the delighted detached observer.—London Saturday Review.

A Teacher For Fifty Years.

John M. Roys, of Clayton, bears the proud distinction of being the oldest teacher both in point of years and service of any man in Western Massachusetts or Connecticut. Mr. Roys is now acting as tutor in the family of Mr. and Mrs. William Canfield, just over the line in Canaan Valley, Conn.

Mr. Roys was born March 4, 1834, and began teaching at the age of twenty-two, and with the exception of two years it has been his life's work. He has tutored in many of the prominent families in the vicinity of his home and two generations of the Canfield family owe their education to him.—Great Barrington Correspondence, Springfield Union.

Hotels For Children.

Paris has its infants' club, where the babe about town may spend an idle afternoon; but London comes a good second with a hotel for children. This hotel is known as the Norland Nurseries. Here, in suites of two rooms, the children of the well-to-do may find a town address while parents are traveling or enduring unamiable climates. The guests range from atoms of a m[illegible] or so to veterans of eight or [illegible], and each three have a day and night nursery to themselves. There are six of these suites, providing accommodations for some eighteen children, and the cost varies according to the age of the children.—Chicago News.

Women Suffragists of South Africa.

Natal women who are members of the local branch of the Women's Suffrage League have circulated a petition which they propose to present to the Natal Parliament. The fair petitioners claim that on the grounds of justice, equity and expediency the parliamentary franchise should be extended to them, and they contend that as women own property, pay taxes, directly and indirectly, and are subject to all the laws, it is unjust that they should have no voice in the making of the laws.—South Africa.

WHERE NEW FOODS FOR MANKIND ORIGINATE.

Every Week, From Somewhere, a Vegetable, or a Fruit, or a Nut is Added to the World's Bill of Fare.

Man will eat 200 or 300 more foods in the year 2000 than he eats now, said a chemist. A movement is on foot among the world's governments to increase the varieties of our foods, and every week a new vegetable or fruit or nut is added to the international bill of fare. It is by a study of the food of savages that we get our new foods. Savages eat many things we regard as weeds or poisons, but which we can refine.

That is how we got our new delicacies in the past. Egg plant and tomatoes, for instance, we had never thought of eating till certain Peruvian savages showed us the way. Oats, barley and rye originated from weeds that grew on the shores of the Mediterranean. The buckwheat came from a wild Siberian plant. Melons, cucumbers, horseradish and onions were weeds of the East. The pumpkin was regarded as a poison for a long time, and with no little fear did some adventurous person of the past test it as a food.

Turning to the foods of our future, we find that the Klamath Indians alone eat forty kinds of vegetables that are unknown to us. Scientists are testing these vegetables, and are finding them to be palatable and nutritious.

Among them is the wichpi, which grows on the margins of the Western lakes. Its stems contain a white pith that, eaten raw, is as sweet and pleasant as a lump of milk chocolate. Then there is the kotsonoka, or goose foot. The goose foot bears in August small black seeds. These seeds the Klamaths roast, grind and make into cakes and gruel. The wokas, or yellow water lily, is the Klamaths' staple food. It is made into bread and into porridge.—Week's Progress.

Description of General Bell.

Judge Ben B. Lindsey, the Denver jurist, at a recent address to a civic body in this city, was trying to give a fitting description of Adjutant-General Bell, the head of the military government in the Cripple Creek district in Colorado a year ago. The Judge said he did not want to use any harsh terms, and, besides, the subject was a difficult one to handle and give exactly the right shade to the description.

So finally, after making some general comment, he said that he believed the incident of a Scotchman he had met in Victor one day would give his hearers a very clear idea of the man.

"I met this man on the street one day," said the Judge, "at the time of the military control, and I asked him what he thought of General Bell. The man pulled my ear close to him and whispered this interesting tale:

"'I was up yesterday morning at dawn. The sun was just coming up and the moon and stars were just getting dim. Over there on the peak of Straw Mountain I saw General Bell sitting. He had a sword in his hand 100 feet long. He watched the sun a while and looked over at the planets.

"'All of a sudden he waved his sword around his head and bellowed, so that the mountain rang and reverberated with the tones. He shouted:

"'"Sun, moon, and stars! Right about face! Forward, march!"'

"Then, the man said, he watched the sun come up and the stars and moon go down, smiled to himself and went back to his quarters."—Chicago Chronicle.

Just For Show.

An Easterner on his way to California was delayed by the floods in Kansas, and was obliged to spend the night in a humble hotel—the best in the town. The bill of fare at dinner time was not very elaborate, but the traveler noticed with joy that at the bottom of the card, printed with pen and ink, was a startling variety of pies.

He liked pies, and here were custard, lemon, squash, rhubarb, Washington, chocolate, mince, apple and berry pies, and several other varieties. He called the waitress to him.

"Please get me some rhubarb pie," said he.

"I'm afraid we haven't got any rhubarb pie," she drawled.

He took another glance at the list. "Well, get me some squash pie, please."

"We haven't got that, either."

"Berry pie?"

"No."

"Lemon pie?"

"No."

"Chocolate pie?"

"I'm sorry, we——"

"Well, what on earth are they all written down here for? On to-day's bill of fare, too?"

"Well, I'll tell you," said the girl, apologetically. "That list is always written down there for show when we have mince pie, because when we have mince pie no one asks for anything else."—Youth's Companion.

Kept the Rough Rider at Home.

J. H. Mizner, who resides here, was one of President Roosevelt's famous Rough Riders. Two years ago, when the President visited Vallejo and Mare Island, Mizner was one of the four Rough Rider aides to the President. He sent the following telegram to the President on inauguration day:

"Sorry cannot be with you; children teething. Congratulations."

Since the President was here Mizner became the happy father of twin boys, and the President is aware of this fact, which gave him much pleasure. The President wired his thanks for the kind congratulations of his former Rough Rider, and said that the excuse for non-attendance was good.—Vallejo Correspondence, Sacramento Bee.

THE MOST ECONOMICAL POWER PRODUCER

Man is a Much Better Engine Than a Locomotive and Yields More Energy Than an Automobile.

To test the efficiency of a man as an engine, Professor Atwater, of Wesleyan University, has been engaged recently in making some remarkable experiments, employing a stationary bicycle as a means of measuring the power developed by a muscular rider.

By the simple expedient of making the tire of the rear wheel (the cycle has no front wheel) pass between two electro-magnets, which are connected with a dynamo, all of the energy transmitted to the pedals is converted into a current of electricity. This current can be measured, and thus is ascertained exactly how much power is employed.

The rider operates his wheel inside of a great box of wood lined with metal. He is not permitted to leave the box for several days and nights, and all of his food and drink is carefully weighed. In this way the amounts of fuel and water supplied to the human engine are accurately ascertained, and the total energy which they represent can be easily figured out.

As a result of the experiments, it has been found that a man is a much better engine than a locomotive, yielding nearly twice as much power for a given amount of fuel. He is superior in this respect to the best and most economical pattern of automobile. In fact, no kind of engine as yet contrived—steam, gasoline or electric—is equal to him as a producer of energy.

Professor Atwater says that the most economical engine built to-day utilizes, in the shape of work, only fifteen per cent. of the energy contained in the fuel supplied to it. The human power machine develops twenty per cent. without counting what is required to keep the internal mechanism of the body running. Of course, it takes considerable power to keep the heart-pump going, and the digestive apparatus in operation. To reckon the expenditure for these and other functions at an additional twenty per cent. would not be over the mark.

Thus it is seen that the human engine runs with much less waste than any mechanical contrivance yet devised. Man stands to-day the model machine, and with all his vaunted ingenuity he cannot construct an apparatus that comes near to equalling his own body as a work-producer. Nor, indeed, will any other kind of engine, though built of the best obtainable materials, run for anything like so long a period without wearing out, requiring in the same time so small an expenditure for repairs.—Boston Herald.

His Meddlesome Way.

Mr. Jones had contracted for the building of a dwelling house, the price of which was to be $3000. Having abundance of leisure on his hands, he went occasionally to see how the work was progressing. His first noteworthy discovery was that the workmen were not living up to the specifications in the matter of the foundation. He went to the contractor.

"Mr. Smith," he said, "the plan for my house calls for a foot-and-a-half foundation wall, doesn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, the men are laying a one-foot wall. I must insist upon your living up to the letter of the contract."

Mr. Smith, annoyed, repaired immediately to the scene of operations and gave orders for the building of the foundation according to specification.

A few days later Mr. Jones discovered that the workmen were not using the kind of brick in the main wall that was specified in the contract.

Mr. Smith, in response to an energetic remonstrance, corrected this mistake, also.

Then Mr. Jones found out that the masons were not "tying" the wall by laying every seventh course crosswise, as provided in the specifications. The contractor remedied this likewise.

Things went smoothly after that until the carpenters began to do the inside work, when Mr. Jones ascertained that the lumber was of an inferior grade, and not at all what had been agreed upon. He went to the contractor and made another complaint—this time in language decidely uncomplimentary.

Then Mr. Smith's patience gave way.

"See here, Mr. Jones," he said, in the tone of an injured man, "if you keep on meddling in this way, how do you suppose I am going to make any money out of this job?"—Youth's Companion.

Kind Neighbors.

When Miss Jenkins, after spending fifty-six years in the city of her birth, decided to buy a small farm in the country, she determined to miss none of the delights of farming life.

"I'm going to have a steady horse and two cows and some hens," she announced to her brother, to whom she proudly displayed her new property. "The Adams boy from the next house will help me about everything. He'll drive the cows and milk and teach me to harness, and of course I shall feed the hens and the little pig."

"The little pig!" echoed her brother. "Do you propose to keep a pig? And where, I should like to know?"

"There's room for a small pig pen back of the barn, away from the road and everything," said Miss Jenkins, calmly. "Mr. Adams has some cunning little pigs, and that is what I wish. And I asked the Adams boy if he thought when the pig had outgrown the pen I could find some one to take him and give me another little one in exchange, and he seemed sure I could. You've no idea, brother, how obliging the people are here in the country."—Youth's Companion.